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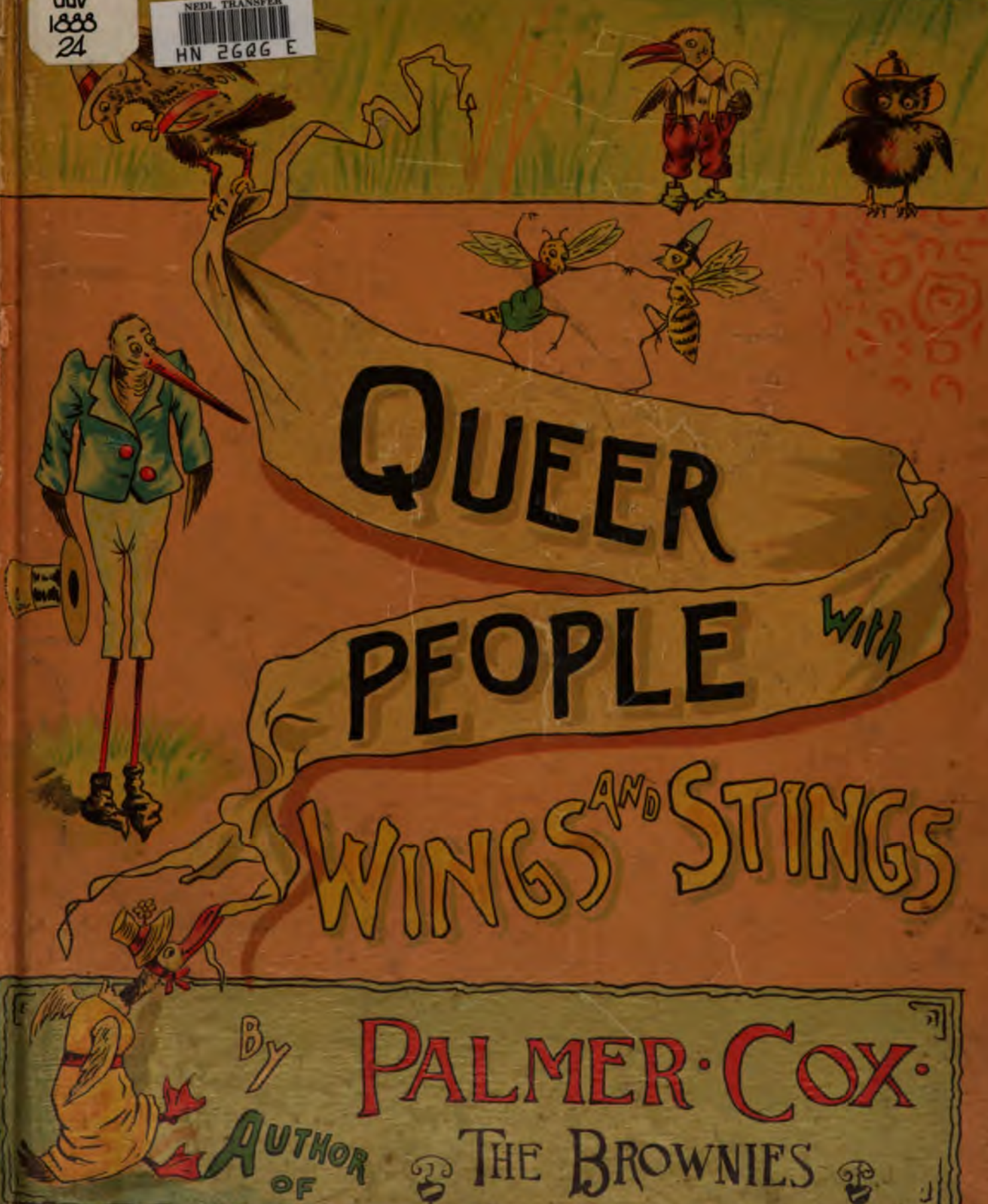
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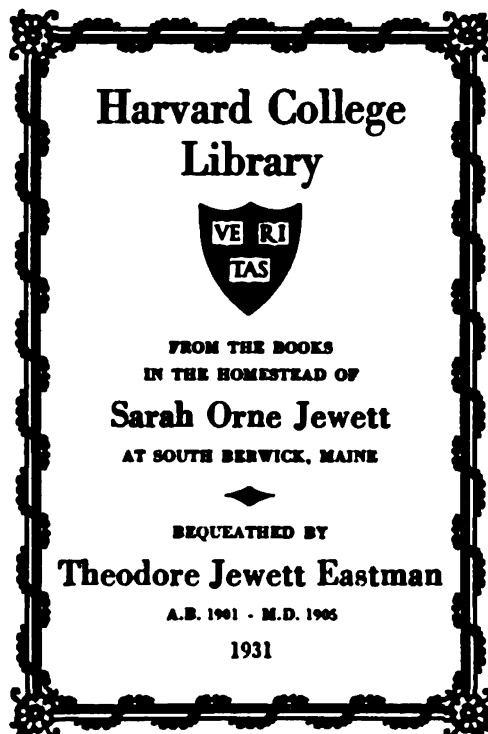
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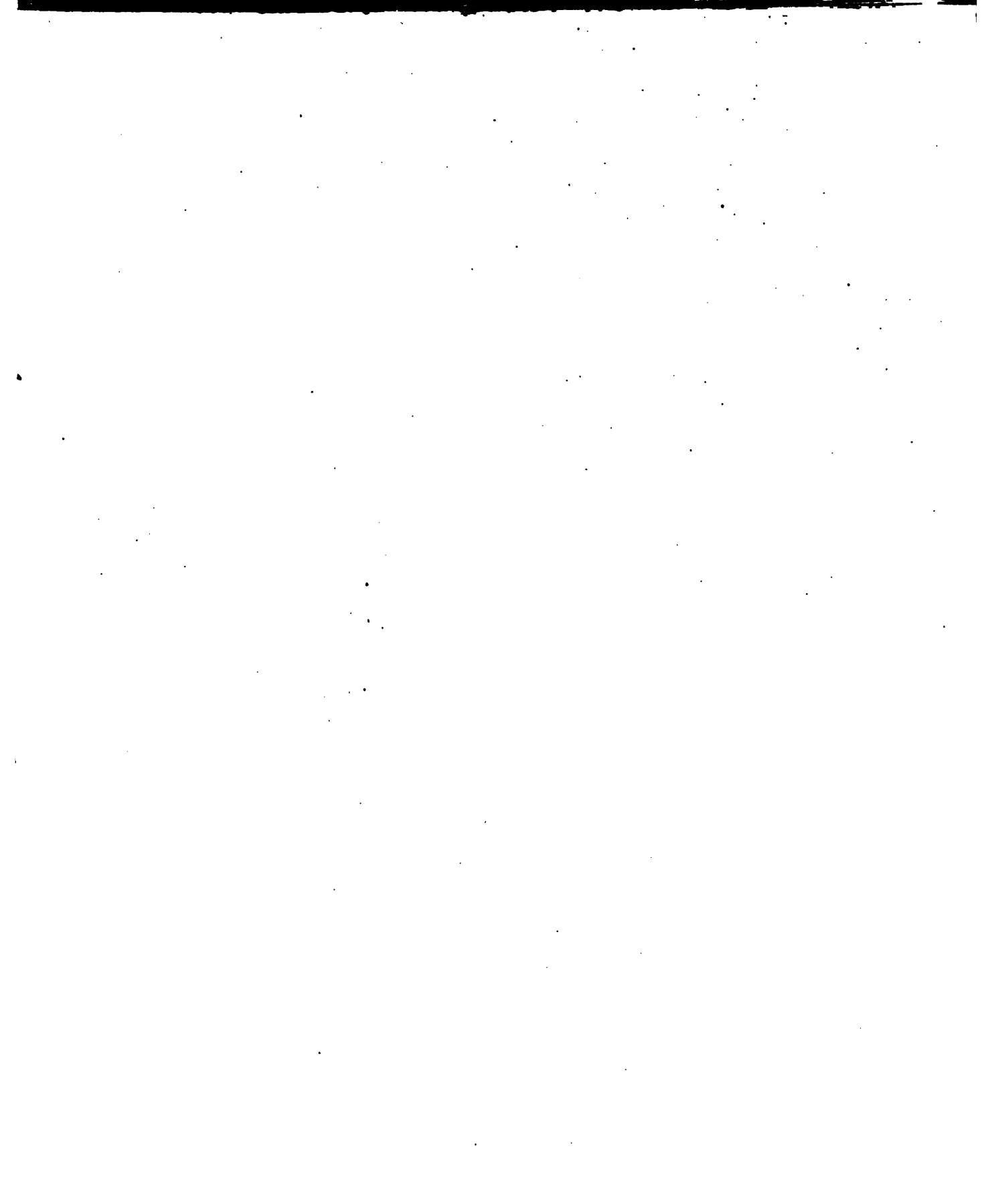
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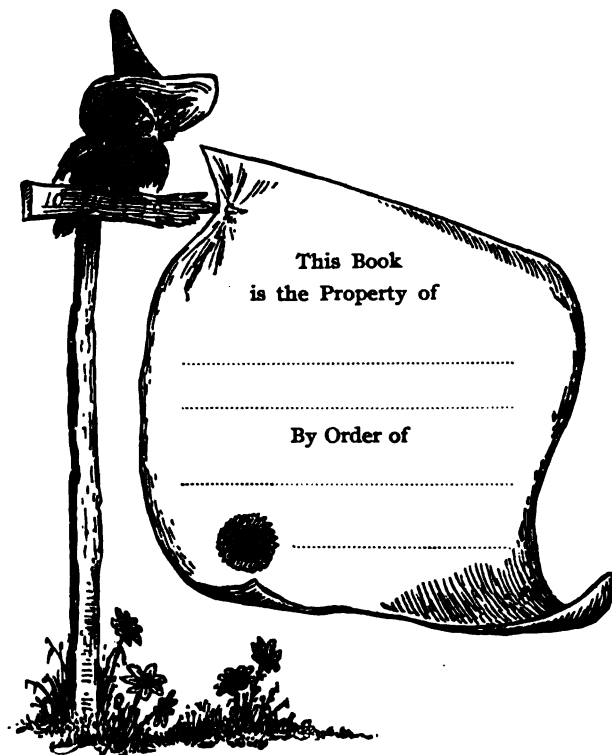
AUTHOR
OF

THE BROWNIES

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QUEER PEOPLE

WITH

WINGS AND STINGS

AND THEIR

KWEER KAPERS.

ILLUSTRATED.

By PALMER COX.

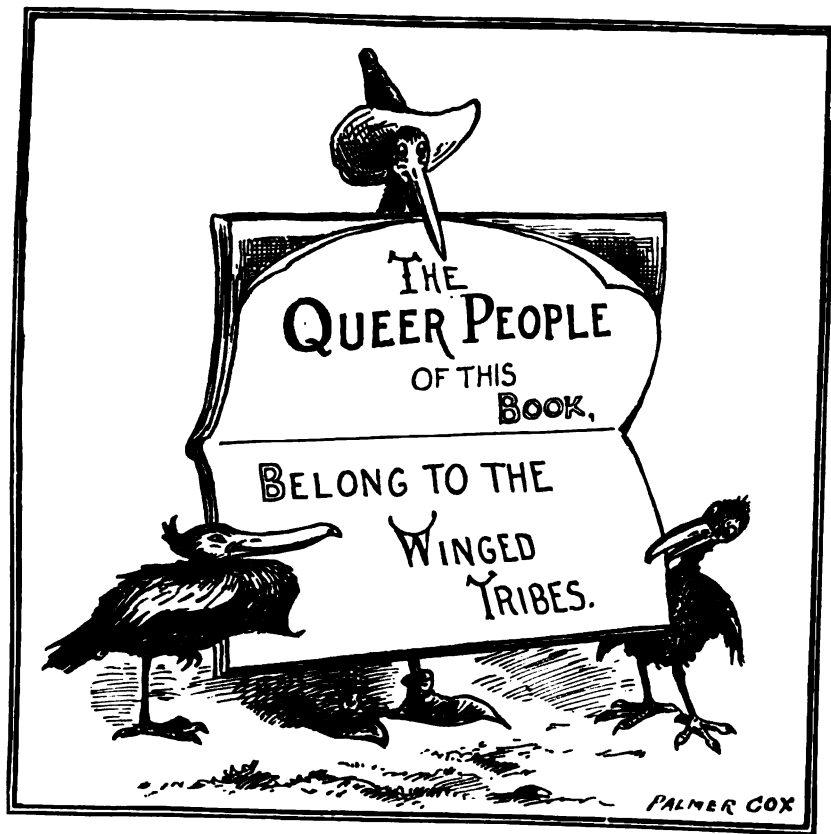
Author of THE BROWNIES, their Book.

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HUBBARD BROS.

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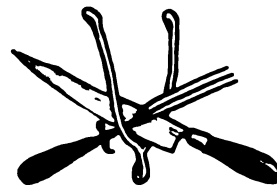
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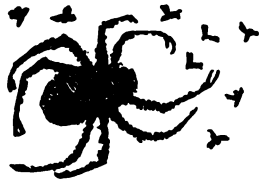


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THE TURKEY IN DANGER.

WHILE turkeys roosted on a fence,
A fox approached with care,



And soon
within
her basket
lay
The largest
gobbler
there.

Then,
as
the Christmas
times
were nigh,
The fox
went
off
in
glee;

Her youngster trotting by her side,
The smallest one of three.

It made with her that early start
To exercise and run,
To take some lessons in the art,
And learn how work was done.

"You're growing old," the youngster said,
"I saw you limp, to-day;
But when you're hunting game, I see,
You've not forgot the way."

"'Tis true," she said, "of late I've had
Rheumatics in my toe;
But I'll not take the second place
To any fox I know.

"There may be some with quicker ear,
With sharper sight another;
But there's not one can bag a fowl
As nicely as your mother.

"I've often heard your father say,
When I was young and free,
He never saw a fox could clear
A panel fence like me.



"I think I see him sit and smile
Upon me, sweet and fond;
When he observed how quick, I could
Of goslings strip the pond.

"He said I far excelled himself,
Though he was widely famed,
And by the farmers, far and near,
For many years was blamed.

He died at last, while breaking fast,,
Behind yon rocky hill,
It makes me sad to think your dad,
Mistook that awful pill.

May palsy shake the guilty hand,
That did the dose provide;
Which turned him almost inside out,
Ere I could reach his side.

Oh, never touch
To aught,
Until its nature,
You rightly

I've seen more
Than I can
Where rash advance,
Brought sorrow

There's not an
However
But suffering crea-
Regret some

O, child of mine,
And shun the
Beware of guns,
But with in-



your nose, my dear,
however grand,
full and clear,
understand.

trouble in my day
now explain,
or games of chance,
in their train.

hour passes by,
plans are laid,
tures, low and high,
move they've made.

avoid the trap,
tempting pill;
that never snap
tent to kill.

Nor blindly be enticed astray,
By pleasures spread around;
To be the sport, if not the prey,
Of every yelping hound."

"I'll bear your counsel in my mind,"
 The baby fox replied;
 "And think of thee whene'er I see,
 Temptations at my side."

"That's good," the smiling dame remarked,
 "Advice is vain indeed,
 Unless the soil whereon it falls,
 Is mellow for the seed."

"That's fine discourse," the turkey thought,
 As there he lay in fear;
 "Had I with caution thus been taught,
 I hardly would be here."



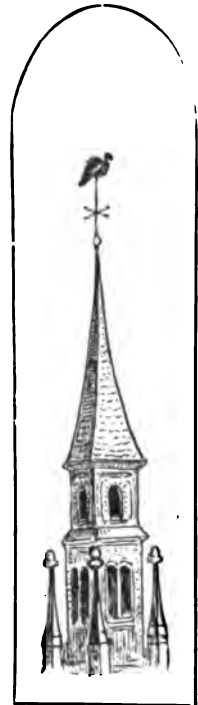
A fool was I, to sit and doze,
 Upon an orchard fence;
 Within the reach of every nose
 That cared to drag me thence.

But, if from here I ever rise,
 Which I will scarcely do;
 The chance I'll prize, to be more wise,
 And start in life anew.

The tallest post the farm can boast,
 Will not my wishes meet;
 But, in the tree, each night I'll be,
 And there myself secrete.

I'll trust to neither kith nor kin,
 Nor on the dog rely;
 And should I roost upon a spire,
 I'll keep one open eye."

Thus, while they moved upon their way,
 To gain the forest green,



They reached a place where cedar rails
Were laid along between.
To mount a fence has never been
An easy thing to do,

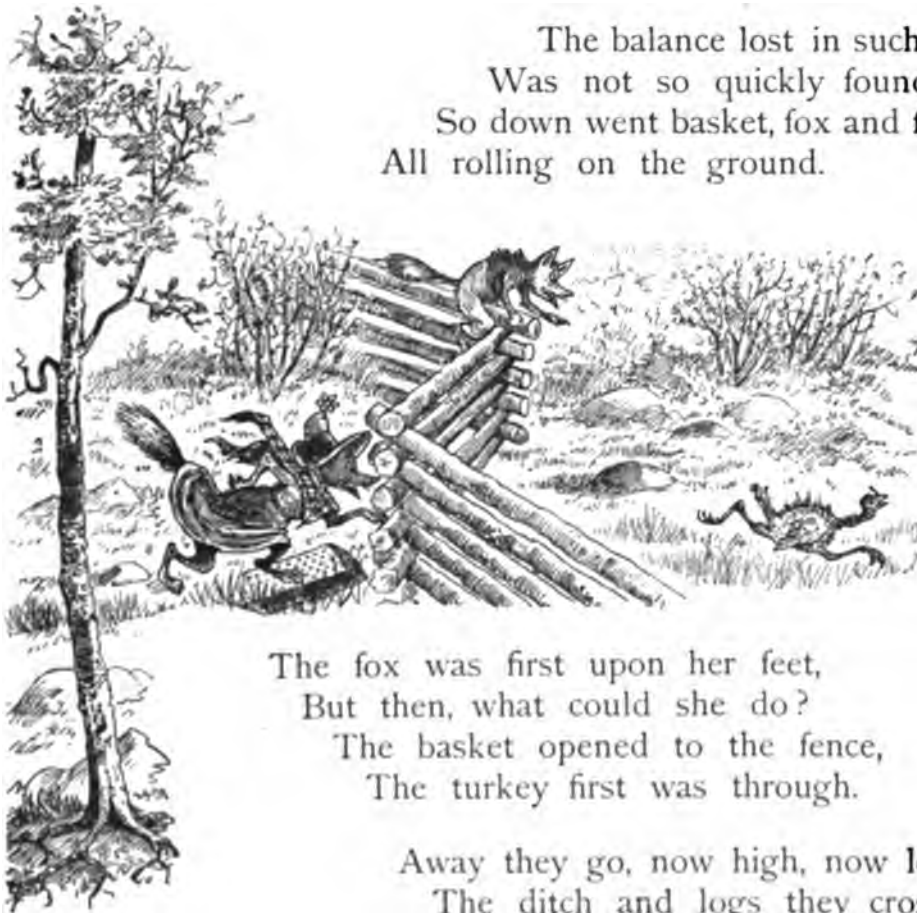


When those who climb convey a load,
That must be rising, too.
But, nothing daunted by the sight,
She, step by step, arose;
At times employing elbow joints,
As well as all her toes.

But as she reached the topmost rail,
And paused, her breath to win;
The turkey, taken with a cramp,
Began to lurch within.

The fowl was not arranged with care,
According to its mind;
The head was down, the heels in air,
The tail was left behind.

The balance lost in such a place,
Was not so quickly found;
So down went basket, fox and fowl,
All rolling on the ground.



The fox was first upon her feet,
But then, what could she do?
The basket opened to the fence,
The turkey first was through.

Away they go, now high, now low,
The ditch and logs they cross;
The turkey missed his spreading tail,
But fear made up the loss.

The fox had sprained an ankle-joint,
When from the fence she rolled;
And now, although she strained a point,
Against her speed it told.

The highest rail the youngster found,
From which the chase to view,



And cried, "Alas! 'tis gaining ground,
I'm dreadful hungry, too."

'Twas heel and toe, and grab and go,
Around the rocks and trees;

And lucky was that fowl to know
His feathers pulled with ease.

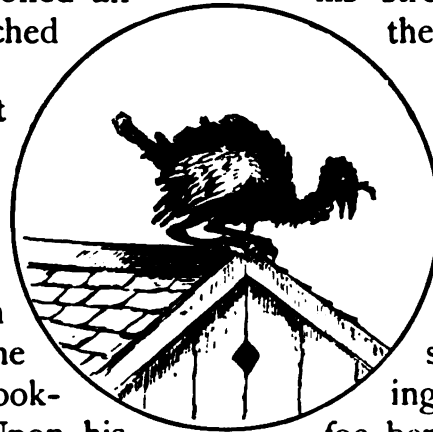
Their coming out at "clutches stout,"
Still left him free to run;
Had they been rooted fast, no doubt,
His gobbling days were done.

The turkey, when the barn was nigh,
Though out of wind, and weak,
Now summoned all his strength to fly,
And reached the highest peak.

His rise was not
Of birds of
But grace or style
When safety

It bore him from
And from the
And left him look-

Upon his



the graceful flight
eagle breed;
is valued light,
lies in speed.

the reaching paw,
shining teeth,
ing down in awe,
foe beneath.

The fox one moment viewed the fowl,
Then turned her from the scene
And never ran so mad a rogue,
Through field or forest green.

But never since that time of fear,
At least so runs the tale,
Has man or beast that turkey found
Asleep upon a rail.



THE BANQUET.

(A TALE OF THE JERSEY MEADOWS.

“COME, be stirring,” said the fly,
To the gnat, reposing nigh;
“There’s a banquet near at hand, or deceptive is mine eye.”

“I am with you! count me in,”
Said his hearer, with a grin;
“I have fasted for a week, and am getting rather thin.”

“Tell old messmates where you go,”
Whined mosquitoes from below;
“And, to bring the whole brigade along, our bugles we will blow.”

“I’ll not tarry here alone,”
Cried the beetle with a drone;
“And, though clumsy on the wing, at a feast I’ll hold my own.”

Said the fly, “Then come with me,
And, ere long, you all may see,
What is now before my vision spread, as plain as plain can be;

“See, a cow has caught her tail,
In the sliver of a rail,
As she crossed the panel fence that surrounds the cultured vale.

“We can bite and we can bore,
We can leech her o’er and o’er,
And not suffer
from that scourge,
so annoying, heretofore.”

So, away before the blast,
Flew the insects, thick and fast,
Till they darkened up
the sky, as though clouds
were going past.

Oh, the portly and the spare,
And the starving ones were there,
That, from either man or beast,
are not slow
to claim their share.

Many species were arrayed.
Do not seek their class or grade,
For your books on ento-
mology can give
you little aid.

From the hollows, from the hills,
From the streams that turn the mills,
They were coming, they were humming, and were getting ready bills.



When came dawn of morning fair,
Lo, the cow was lying there,
With her horns among the buttercups, her hoofs aloft in air.

But the story is not done,
Till a climax has been won,
And that cow was well avenged, ere the day was scarce begun.

For she drank, as it would seem,
From a poison-tinctured stream,
Where some Paris Green had baffled the potato-beetle's scheme

Through the night the bossy died,
From the dose the brook supplied,
And communicated bane to those boring through her hide.

But we've nothing more to do,
With the cow, her case is through,
'Tis the tribe in consternation that my muse must now pursue.



She'll have work enough on hand,
To describe that tortured band,
As they left in all directions to go staggering through the land.

There was trouble in the camp,
And complaints from every scamp,
As each member found he had his share of dizziness and cramp.

And if ever there were cries,
Or unqualified surprise,
Or repentance for an act, it was there among those flies.



How they blamed the busy friend,
Who enticed them to this end,
How they wished
that all their racking pains
might in the villain blend.



How they watched to see his throes,
And in part forgot their woes,
As they noticed
that he was the first
to upward turn his toes.



What a griping time was there,
What a sawing of the air,
What a grasping
at their stomachs, as
they tumbled in despair.



Oh, the chafing of the claws,
Oh, the working of the jaws,
Oh, the stiffening up of joints,
and the wondering at the cause.

It would weary every ear,
All the facts at large to hear,
How they dropped among the daisies, never after to appear.

And the people living round,
Thus escaped the sting or sound
From a single pest of air, till the snow-flakes hid the ground.

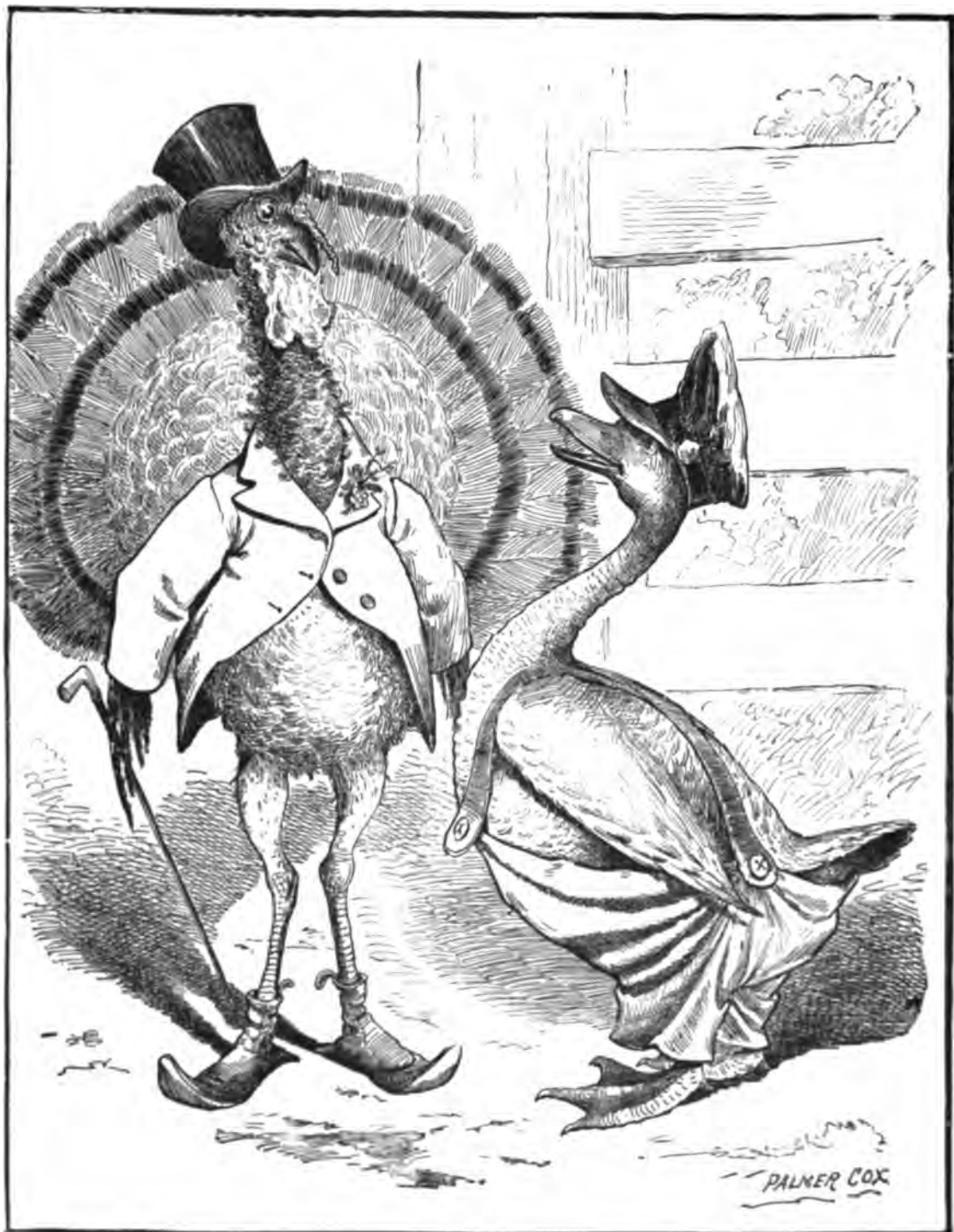
Of't as on through life we wend,
In disguise our gifts descend,
And, what seemed a sad misfortune, proves a blessing in the end.



THE GOBBLER AND THE GANDER.

SAID a Gobbler to a Gander, with a proud, disdainful glance,
As they met one afternoon, in a farmer's yard by chance,
"You're the most ungainly fowl that I meet throughout the day,
As you waddle, waddle round, in your slow, ungraceful way;
And, to tell the truth, my friend, if I looked as bad as you,
I would seldom walk abroad, but would hide myself from view."

Said the Gander to the Gobbler, "Oh, you needn't swell with pride,
Just because your legs are long and you spread your tail so wide,
For, in spite of all your airs, I am smarter still than you,
I can swim, and I can dive, something you can never do."
Then the Gobbler turned away, with a visage red as flame,
In a stack of barley straw to conceal his head in shame.



THE WASP AND THE BEE.

In a garden sweet and fair,
Once a bright and busy pair,
Held a brief conversation on a lily.
"Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee,
"Your manœuvres puzzle me,
You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly."



"In the school where
you were taught,
Was the fact
before you brought,
That our time is
equivalent to money?
Now for days and days we've met,
'Mid the pinks and mignonette,
But you never seem
to carry any honey."

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile,
With your blunt, outspoken style,
You have many things to learn, I must declare;
For a thousand sunny hours
You've been pumping at the flowers,
And you never dreamed of poison being there.

"From the phlox and columbine,
Bleeding-heart and eglantine,
Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;

While I, coming in your wake,
From the self-same blossoms take
All the rankest sort of poison by the gill.

“Let me whisper in your ear:
I have found while roaming here
Over garden, over orchard, over field,
That the fairest growth of flowers,
Which adorn these haunts of ours,
The most deadly kind of poison often yields.”



“Bless my sting!” exclaimed the Bee,
“Every day we live to see
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose.
Who would think a nauseous drug
Could be stored away so snug,
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?”

And, with that it flew away,
To a field of blooming hay,
On the buttercup and clover to alight;
While the Wasp set out to find
Something suited to his mind,
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.





THE OWL AND THE BAT.

H, lively was the group of birds that met on Beaver Flat,
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat!



It was a sight, that summer night, to see them gather there;
Some came by water, some by land, and others through the air.

The eagle quit the mountain-peak, to mix with meaner fowl,
And, like a comrade, act the part of groomsman to the owl;
The friendly stork had hastened there, with long and stately stride;
It was its happy privilege to give away the bride.

And when arrangements were complete, a circle wide they made,
And in the centre stood the pair, in finest dress arrayed.
Then out in front advanced the crow, and bowed his shining head,
And with three loud approving caws declared the couple wed.

Then kind congratulations poured from friends on every side,
As thronging round the happy pair, they kissed the blushing bride.
And soon the supper was prepared, for each had brought a share.
The crow and jay had carried corn; the eagle brought a hare;

The curlew brought
a string of fish,
just taken from the lake;
The crane, a brace
of speckled frogs;
the buzzard brought a snake;
The owl and active
hawk procured
a dozen mice at least;



The snipe and rail
brought water flies,
to help along the feast.

And when each bird
upon the ground,
enjoyed a hearty meal,
They whistled tunes,
and sang their songs,
or danced a lively reel,

Around the green, with stately mien, the dodo and curlew
Moved like a pair of lovers there, through dances old and new.



While wing to wing and toe to toe,
with loud and joyous cries,
The stork and raven danced as though
competing for a prize.
That night good feeling was restored
between the hawk and jay,
Who had not passed a friendly
look or word for many a day!

And birds that always
went to roost
before the shades of night

Now hopped around upon the ground
until the morning light.



Nor felt the want
of sleep or rest,
but kept the fun alive;
And seemed as
wide awake as bees,
when some one
kicks the hive.

And people long will call to mind the scene on Beaver Flat,
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat.

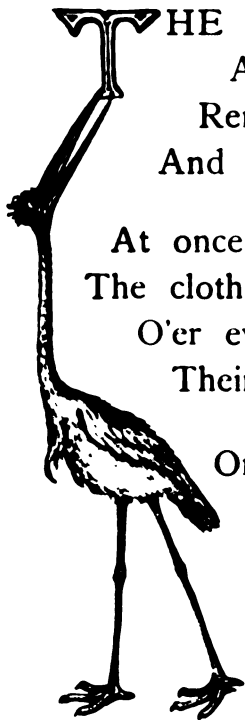


THE STORK'S NEW SUIT.

THE stork put on his grand new suit,
And called his friends to see;
Remarking, "'Tis a splendid fit,
And suits my mate and me."



At once the friendly group began
The clothes to criticise;
O'er every part and seam they ran
Their sharp, discerning eyes.

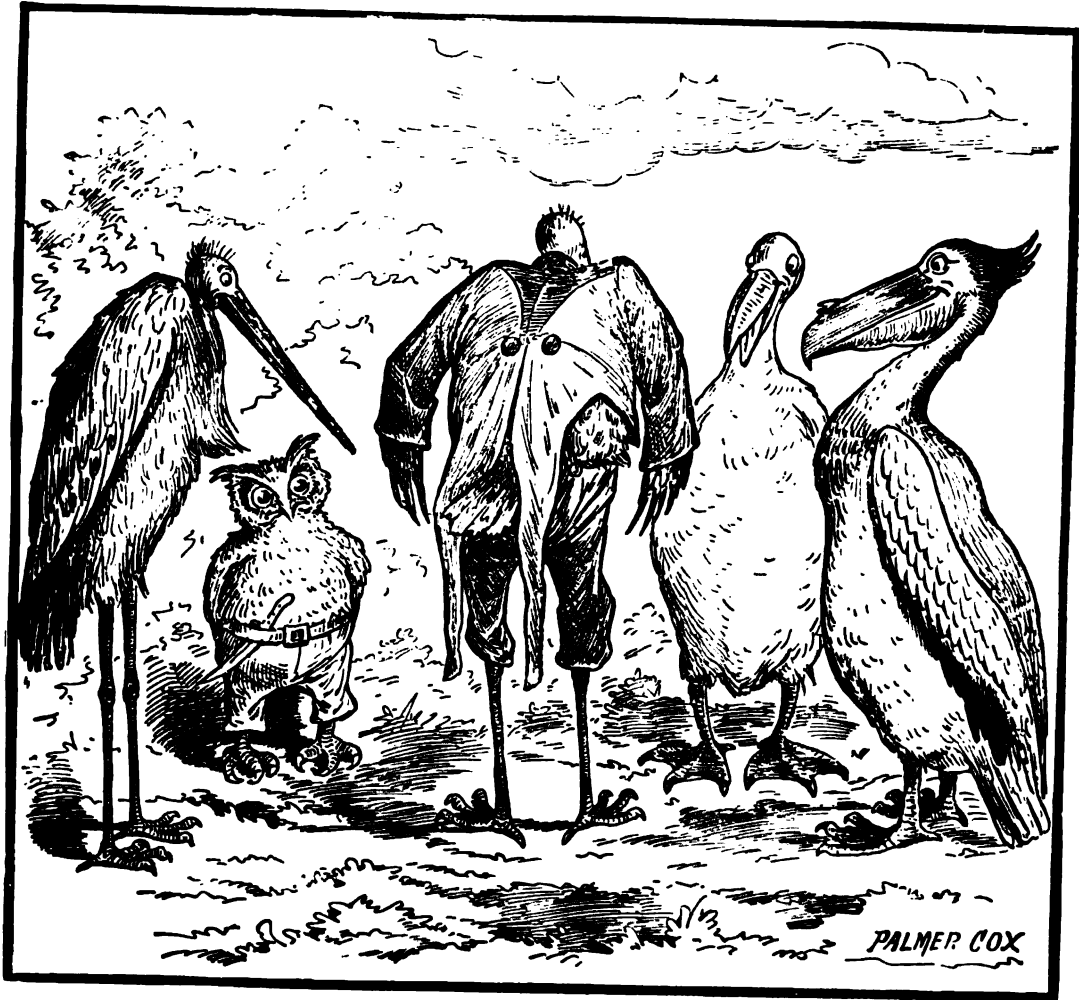


One thought the collar was too high,
And this or that was long;
Another thought it hung awry,
The style and cut were wrong.

And so he cut and clipped about,
And worked as best he could;

He gathered in, and loosened out,
As they advised he should.

And when the change was all complete,



And dressed again was he,
No bird that ever stood on feet
Was such a sight to see.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Now, mother," said a turkey bold,
"May I go out and play?
You know to-morrow may be cold,
And snow-drifts block the way.

"The hens are scratching in the yard,
The geese are in the swale,
The doves are cooing on the roof,
The ducks are round the pail."



"My darling," said the mother kind,
"You're growing fat and stout,
I have misgivings in my mind,
And dare not let you out.

"I much prefer to have you here
Away from human eye;
Thanksgiving day is drawing near,
And that's the reason why."

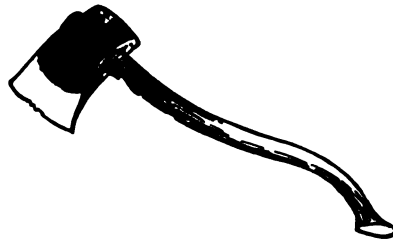
The good advice was wasted all
Upon her wayward son;
She turned her head into a stall,
And *out the villain run.*



But while he wandered far and free,
The farmer sauntered by;
"A finer bird than this," said he,
"Has seldom met my eye."

"I look to have my brother Jim
Come out with us to dine.
The best is not too good for him
This lad will answer fine."

Not twenty minutes by the clock
A rambling life he led,
Before he lay across the block,
The axe above his head.



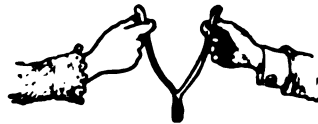
We'll pass the execution act,
The plucking that he got,
The dressing that within was packed,
And oven roasting hot.

And see him when
all nicely browned,
Upon the plate
he lies,
To draw the praise
from all around,
For tenderness
and size.



And next, in fancy hear the click
Of knives and forks at play;
And see the plates returning quick
To where that turkey lay.

Then mark the latest scene of all,
When that rich feast was through,
And children with their fingers small,
The wish-bone break in two.



THE EAGLE'S GIFT.

Thus does the Eagle speak its mind,
While sailing high before the wind,



With presents for her babies small
That in the tree-top wait her call.

“Now while the chimes of Christmas ring
And Santa Claus makes haste to bring

His toys to scatter far and near
To glad the hearts of children dear;
It seems a fitting time for me
To bear in mind my babies wee,




Who, perched aloft in morning air,
Are waiting for the gift I bear.
A mallard taken by the spring,
No finer ever flapped a wing.
A hare surprised in woods above
Will prove how deep a mother's love.
A turkey taken from her race
Just as the farmer showed his face.
A fish that jumped to meet the rain,
And ne'er will try that feat again.
A banner bright that ever tells,
The happy land where freedom dwells.

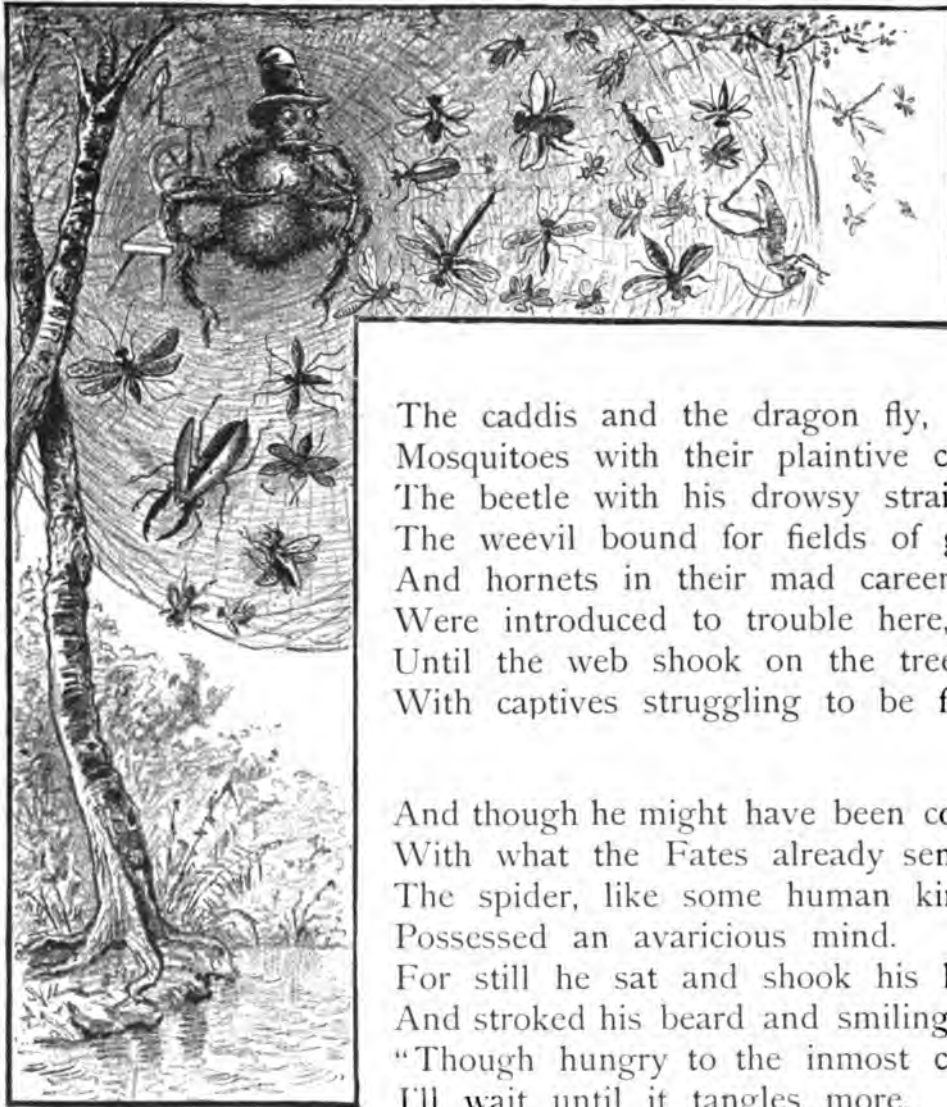


The tooting horns, so long and round,
To send abroad their stunning sound,
To rouse the birds and beasts as well,
That in the vales and mountains dwell,
And from his slumbers start the swain,
Before the sun has kissed the plain,—
These are the presents, great and grand,
I bring to cheer my baby band."

THE AVARICIOUS SPIDER.



THE livelong night, without a pause
To wipe his brow, or rest his claws,
The spider planned his subtle scheme,
And spun his web above the stream;
On every side flung out his guys
To help support the weight of flies.
With care each fibre was applied,
And every knot securely tied,
Until the geometric net
Exhausted all his spinneret.
But when the sun looked o'er the hill,
To laugh at those who slumbered still,
The active flies began to swarm,
Their daily duties to perform,
The spider, in close ambush lay,
Where he could view the coming prey;
And waited with an anxious air
The grand reward of skill and care.
Soon, one by one, and two by two,
The flies began to tumble through



The caddis and the dragon fly,
Mosquitoes with their plaintive cry,
The beetle with his drowsy strain,
The weevil bound for fields of grain,
And hornets in their mad career
Were introduced to trouble here,
Until the web shook on the tree
With captives struggling to be free.

And though he might have been content
With what the Fates already sent,
The spider, like some human kind,
Possessed an avaricious mind.
For still he sat and shook his head
And stroked his beard and smiling said,
"Though hungry to the inmost core
I'll wait until it tangles more,

Nor feast upon a dozen flies,
A thousand only satisfies."

But while he pined with hunger there,
Still waiting for a glutton's share,
The fast increasing weight and strain
Began to rend the net in twain.

The main supports
that reached about
On either side
were giving out;
At last a general
ruin spread
Across the web,
from foot to head,

Till with a
sudden yield-
ing now,
The whole
concern
forsook the
bough

The spinner tangled in his nest
Then fared no better than the rest.
For down among the broken shreds,
Still grasping at the flying threads,
To find that all were loose as well,
The avaricious schemer fell;
And soon the fish put out of view
The struggling flies and spider too.

There are spiders abroad
besides those on the web
With far-reaching fingers
and keen biting neb,
Who harass and hoard
till they suddenly fall
In the midst of their plans,
and the grave swallows all.



THE NOISY MAGPIE.

ONCE a magpie gave a party, and invited many there,
Of the beasts that roam the forests and the birds that fly in air.
Long and fine was the procession as they journeyed to the feast;
From the north and south they gathered,
from the west and from the east.



Even insects were included in the invitation grand,
And the locust, fly, and beetle, with their cousins, were on hand.

When around the tempting dishes they assembled in delight,
Every creature there was happy, every countenance was bright.
But the guests had hardly settled down to business, with a mind

To replenish empty places
 with whatever they could find,
 Ere the magpie marred the pleasure—
 she commenced her noisy chat.
 About *this* she loudly gabbled,
 and then chattered about *that*,
 Till the guests became uneasy
 (many wished her tongue was tied),
 While their discontented glances
 Were exchanged on every side.



They were loath
 to leave their places
 till the feast
 was at an end,
 But they couldn't
 sit and listen
 to the chatter
 of their friend.

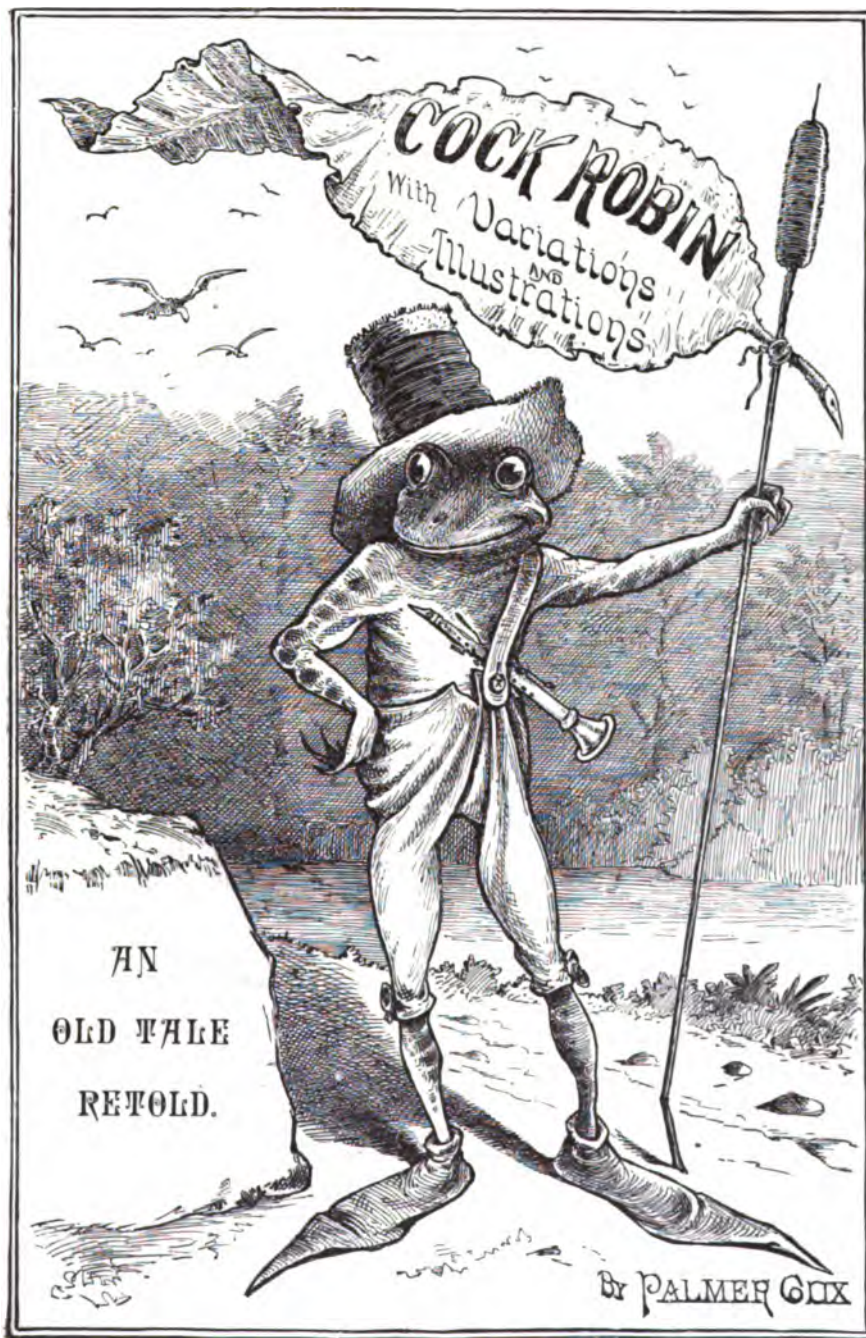
"I remember an appointment
 I must keep," remarked the coon;
 "I am ailing," groaned the lion,
 and must say good-afternoon."
 Said the fox, "You must excuse me:
 what I never did before,
 Leaving home in such a hurry,
 I forgot to lock my door."

"I was thoughtless," cried the spider,
 "coming out to eat and dance:

I've a thread to spin this evening
that will reach across to France."

And at last all rose together,
(down their bones and bits they flung),
And in every way departed
to escape her noisy tongue.
Not a bird but quit the banquet,
not a beast but left the ground,
Not an insect but was crawling
to escape the awful sound.
So the magpie learned a lesson;
deeply wounded was her pride,
Standing there among the dishes,
with the guests all scattered wide.
And no later invitations
could induce a friend to come;
So that bird, it is reported,
ever afterward was dumb.





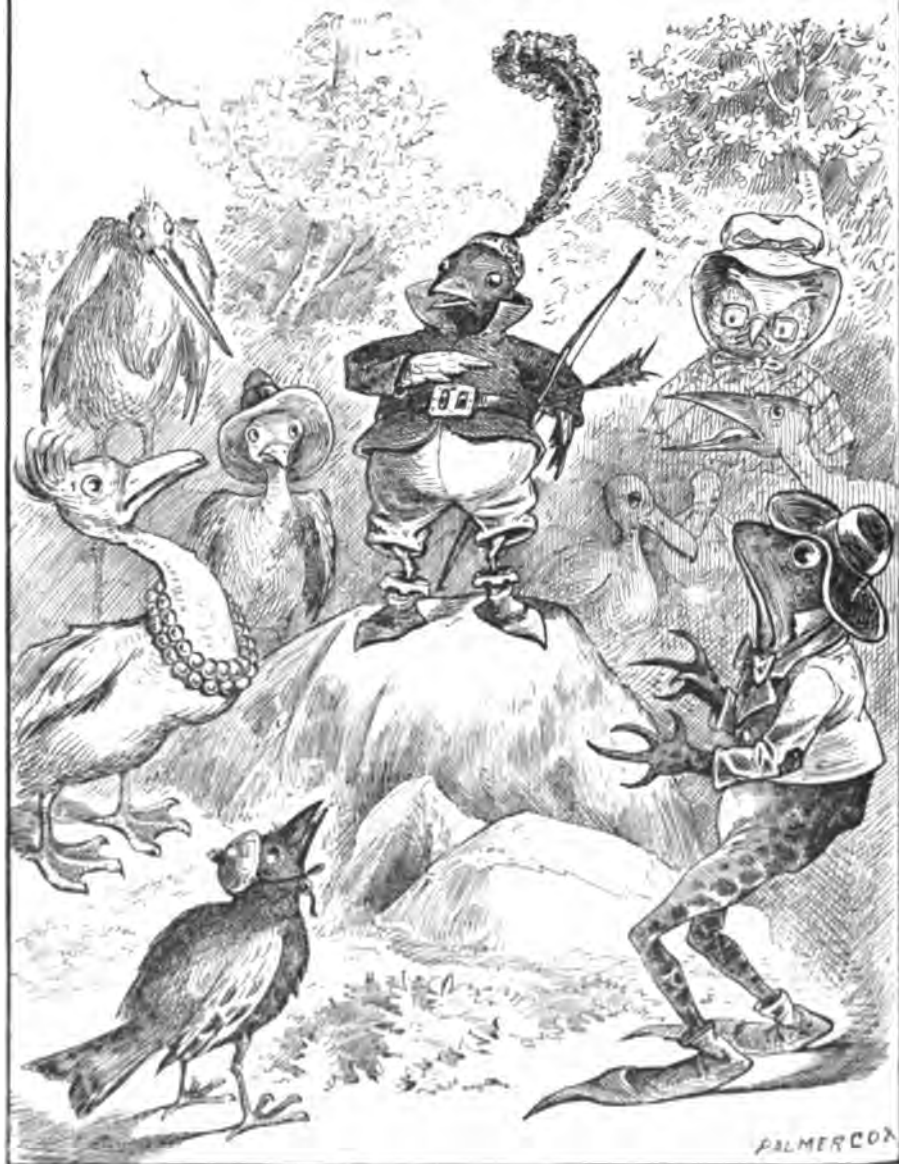


COCK ROBIN.

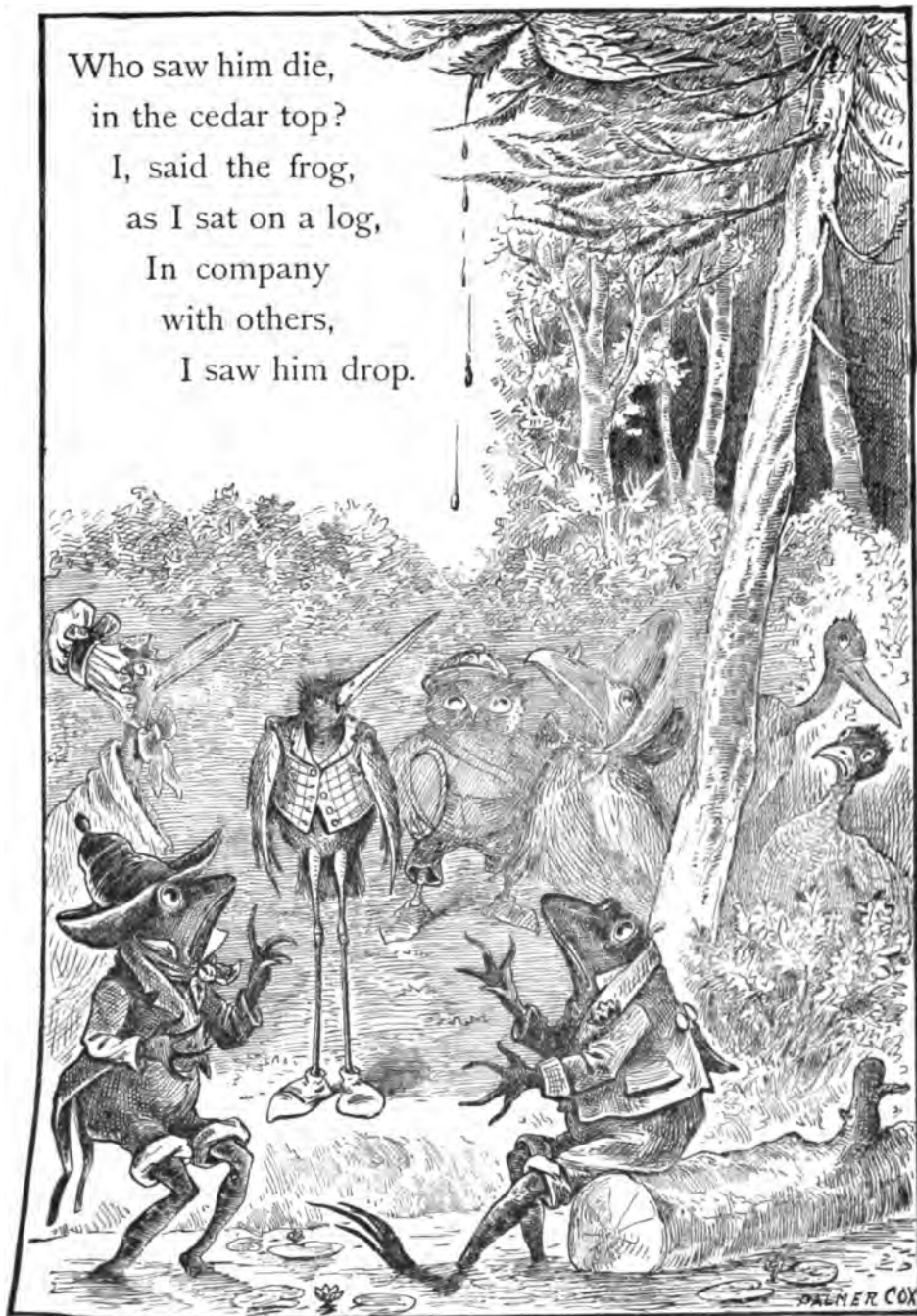


COCK ROBIN LYING IN STATE.

Who killed Cock Robin, where the lilies grow?
I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow,
I laid him low.



Who saw him die,
in the cedar top?
I, said the frog,
as I sat on a log,
In company
with others,
I saw him drop.



Who was at hand, to catch his blood?
I, said the owl,
with my big bowl,
I caught the flood.



Who'll make a shroud so costly and fine?
I said the beetle,
With my thread and needle,
The task will be mine.



Who'll dig a grave in the yew-tree shade?
I, said the mole, will soon make a hole,
I'll dig the grave with my pickax and spade





Who'll toll the bell in the chapel tower?
I said the daw, with my long claw,
I'll toll the bell for half an hour.



Who'll bear a blazing torch in the case?
I, said the kite, will carry the light,
And show the way to the burial place.

PALMER COX



Who'll bear the pall, both careful and slow?

I, said the stork,

With a measured stride,

My legs are long

and my shoulders wide,

I'll bear the pall

to the plain below.

PALMER COX

Who'll sing a psalm as the hearse goes by?

I said the thrush,

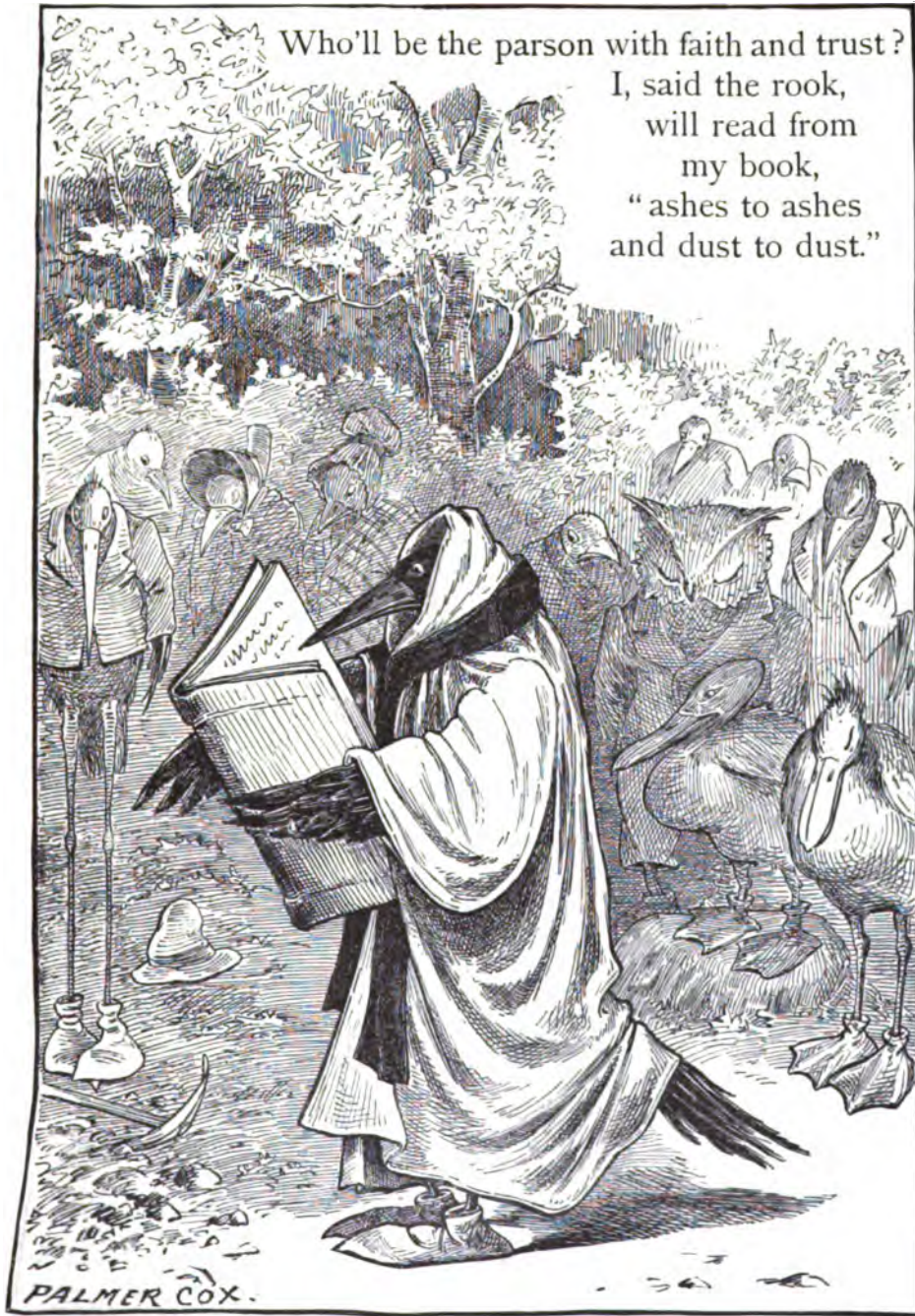
if others will hush,

I'll sing a verse will bring tears
to the eye.



Who'll be the parson with faith and trust?

I, said the rook,
will read from
my book,
"ashes to ashes
and dust to dust."



Who'll mark the songster's earthy bed?
I, said the bat, will attend to that,
I'll carve his name on the tree at his head.





Who'll keep it green when summer is here?
I, said the hare, will plant flowers there,
I'll keep it green through many a year.

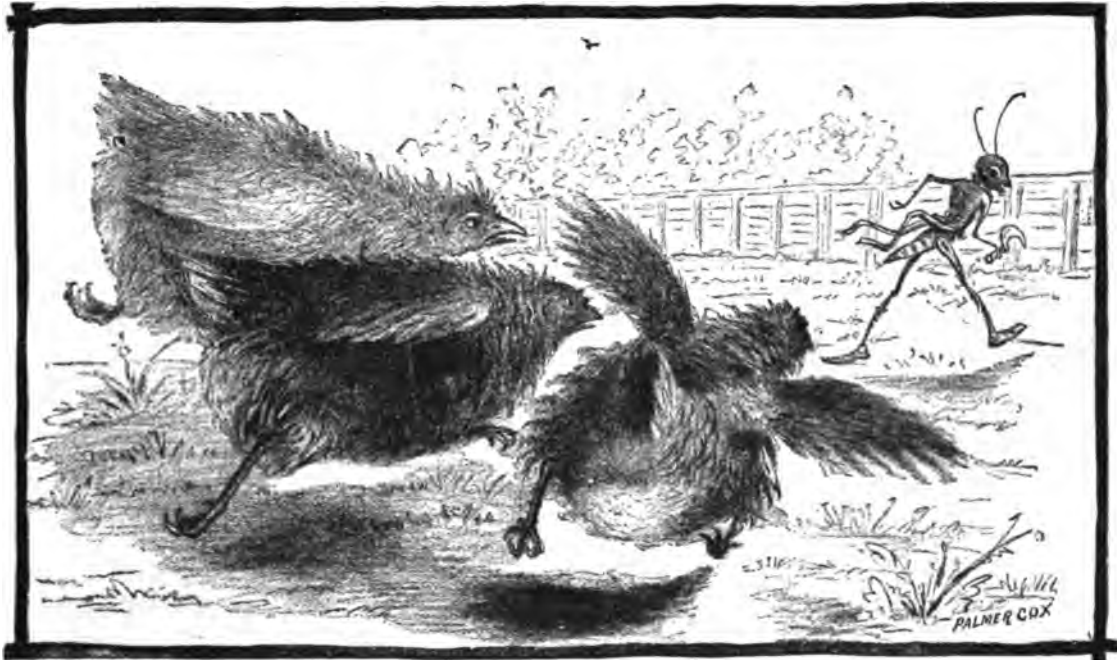

PALMER COX



Who suffered for his fault, ere a week rolled by?
Who, but the sparrow, that shot the fatal arrow,
And roused the indignation of all creatures far and nigh.

THE HENS' ADVENTURE.

THREE setting hens forsook their nests, in pleasant summer weather,
And, searching for a needful bite, they started out together;
Through pasture land and stubble field, they ran a mile or more,
All struggling for the locust prize that hopped along before.



Sometimes they climbed across a fence, at times they crowded thro',
Now one, more active than the rest, would lead the other two;
At times the race was neck and neck, with expectation high,
But when almost within their reach, away again he'd fly.
Five minutes only could they spare, in which to scratch a meal,
No wonder, then, the race they ran was carried on with zeal.
It seemed a woeful waste of time to follow such a sprite,
But hope was large and hunger keen, and nothing else in sight.

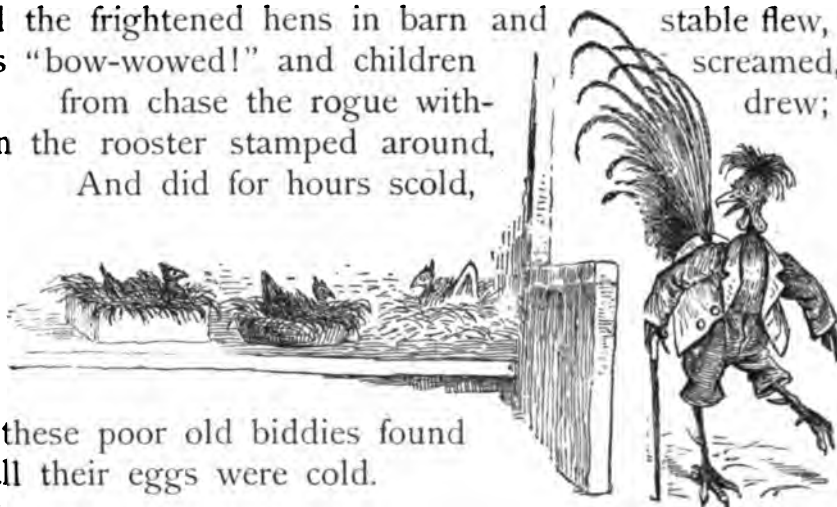
At length a pond before them lay, and into this he flew,
And swam across its surface smooth, and that they could not do.
But ere they had a moment's time to ponder on their woes,



From out his burrow in the ground, a cunning fox arose;
A daring rascal, that had long been plundering up and down,
And always kept the price of eggs and chickens high in town.

His Christmas lasted all the year; for eight days out of nine,
 Though traps were fixed and poison mixed, he would on poultry dine.
 Now, faster than they had gone forth, when urged by hunger's pain,
 They homeward ran, for horrid fear now spurred them o'er the plain.
 The fox was close behind their tails, but, let him yelp or growl,
 And do his utmost in the race, he could not catch a fowl!

Yet not until the frightened hens in barn and stable flew,
 And dogs "bow-wowed!" and children screamed, drew;
 from chase the rogue with-
 And then the rooster stamped around,
 And did for hours scold,



Because these poor old biddies found
 that all their eggs were cold.



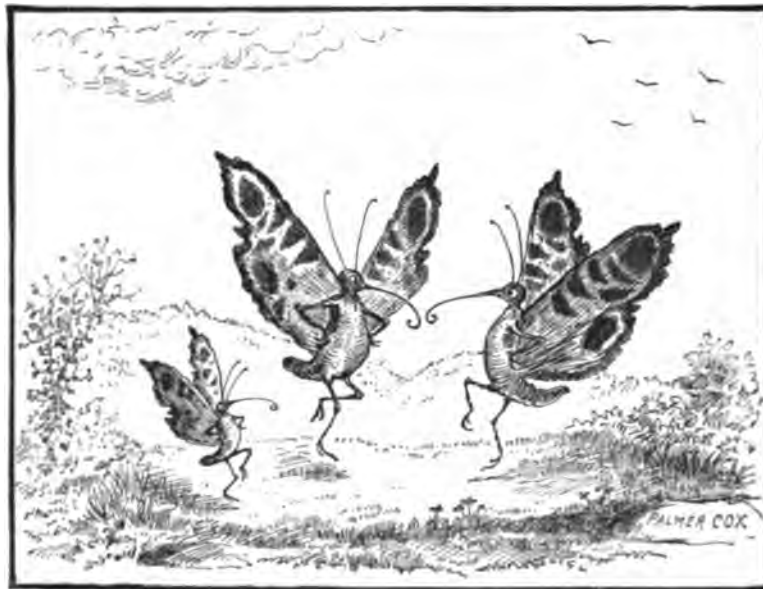
WHAT THE BUTTERFLY SAYS.

THROUGH all the sunny, summer days
 I wander here and there,
 And hardly ever stop to rest
 A moment anywhere.
 There are so many things to see,
 And time is rather short with me.

The bees, with many cares oppressed,
 Do all their arts employ
 To gather treasure to their nest,
 That they will ne'er enjoy.
 For man or beast will seize the comb
 And eat them out of house and home

It makes me sad when clouds come o'er
To hide the golden sun,
Because 'twill shine for me no more
When some few weeks have run;
And little joy comes with the hour
That hides its face and brings the shower.

I only have a month or two,
And time soon runs away
When one is seeing something new,



Or sporting every day;
And how the little people try
To catch me as I flutter by!

But I know what they want me for—
It's not to use me right;
It's not to give me sunny fields,
With daisies sprinkled white;
But just to pin me on the wall
To show their friends, and that is all

A SPOILED GAME.

ONE day, by chance, while roaming round,
A hollow tree old Bruin found,



That stood beside the grassy mead,
Where flocks of sheep were wont to feed,

"Well, this is luck, indeed," said he,
As, pausing there, he viewed the tree.
"Concealed within this trunk, I'll find
A splendid chance to suit the mind,
And, from my hiding-place, behold
The fattest sheep that leave the fold.



No lengthy race round stumps or trees
Will be required, for here, at ease,
I'll bide my time and keep my place
Until they graze around the base,
Then, paralyze the flock with fear,
And live on mutton half the year."

So, in the tree to try the game,
He promptly squeezed his burly frame.

And smiled a smile from ear to ear,
At thought of rarest pleasure near.
But plans, in spite of care and skill,
Are often non-productive still;
And thus it happened with the bear,
Whose prospects seemed so bright and fair;
For, in that hollow, large and round,
A swarm of bees a home had found.

And, through the summer months,
had been
Both loyal to their cause
and queen;
And, tier on tier,
the sweets had stowed
Around their improvised abode



So now, when Bruin's
shaggy hide,
At once the air and light
denied,
The murmuring tribes were
nothing slow
To issue from the depths
below,
The strange eclipse
to now behold
That almanacs had not
foretold.

It didn't take old Bruin long
To learn that something must be wrong.



Thermometers he needed not
To soon convince him, that the spot

Was ninety-nine degrees too hot.

Far quicker than this line is penned,
He tried the temperature to mend;
And, filled with wonder, pain and fright,
He scrambled up as best he might.
Just how he dragged, or how he threw
His body out, he hardly knew;
But in some sure and sudden way
He reached the grass without delay,
Then through the brush and briars flew,
Escorted by the spiteful crew.

While mating birds their nests soon lined
With tufts of hair he left behind.
The flocks, from neighboring hillocks green,
In great delight surveyed the scene.
The playful lambs stood in a crowd,
And hopped, and skipped, and laughed aloud;
And sober sheep of solemn style,
That ne'er before were known to smile,
Now held their sides, and wagged the head,
And laughed until each face was red.



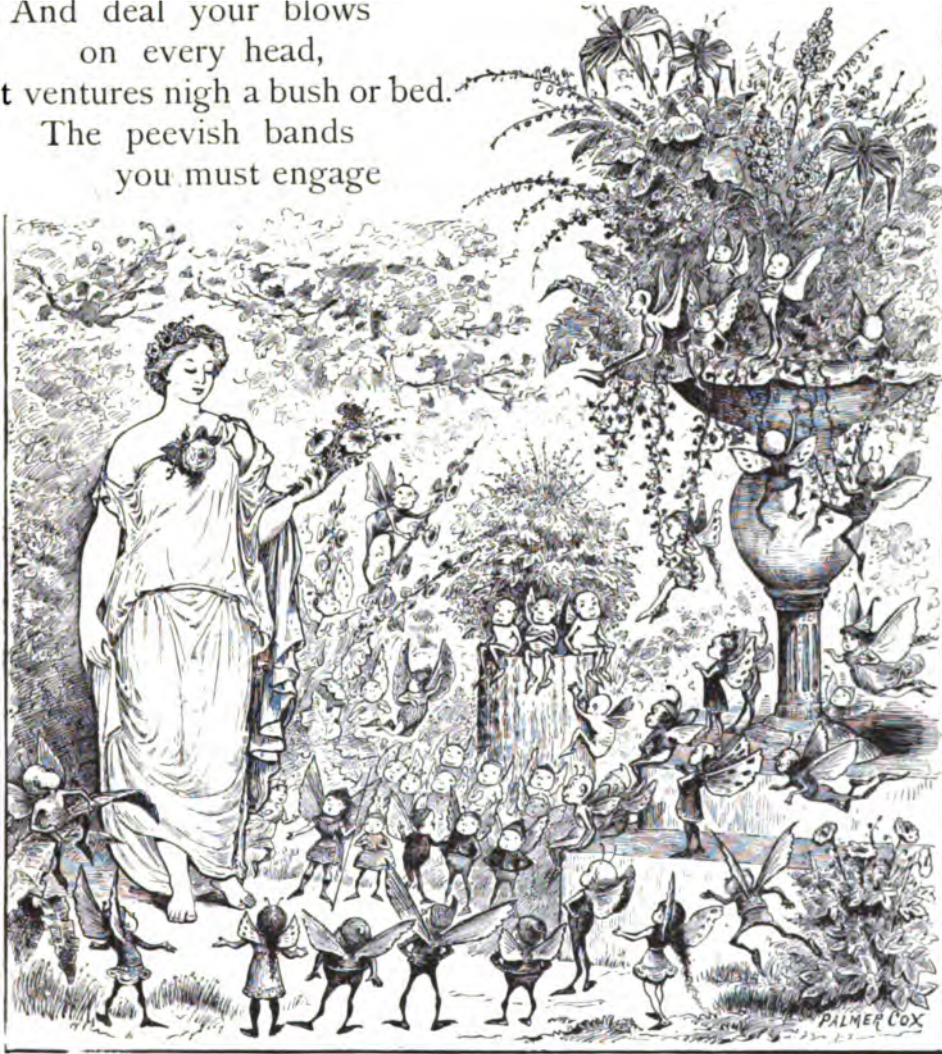


FAIRIES AND THE INSECTS.

ONE morn, in summer's brightest hours,
 Sweet Flora, goddess of all flowers,
 Above the garden waved her hand,
 And called around a Fairy band.
 "Protect," said she, "those blossoms fair,
 From plundering tribes that fill the air.
 From every quarter, here they come,
 With whirring song and hungry hum.
 From pink to pink, from rose to rose,
 The active bee, unwearied, goes;
 The beetle on the crocus falls,
 And in the bell the emmet crawls.
 We might o'erlook the gaudy host,
 Whose lease of life is brief at most;
 And butterflies in mercy spare,
 Who no defensive weapons bear,
 But, by their actions none the best,
 They set examples for the rest;
 So, all alike must feel the smart,
 Of severed head or bleeding heart.



Around the opening blossoms stand,
With ready weapons in your hand;
And deal your blows
on every head,
That ventures nigh a bush or bed.
The peevish bands
you must engage



Are nothing slow a war to wage;
They'll shower dangers thick and fast,
And test your mettle to the last.
Beware the emmet's poison breath,
And beetles' arms that hug to death.

And in the fight, I charge you well,
 Beware the bee, and hornet fell;
 For swift and vicious thrusts they deal,
 That soon can make the strongest reel."



According to her strict command,
 With ready weapons, stood the band,
 Around the flowers, and hurled the thieves,
 By thousands, from the trembling leaves.

As day advanced, and up the sky
 The sun was rolling, hot and high;
 The insects, thick and thicker flew,
 And fiercer still the battle grew.

The hornets fell with broken stings,
 With crippled legs and tattered wings;
 The beetles tumbled round the beds,
 With aching backs and dizzy heads;

While emmets, maddened by the blows,
 Attacked, alike, their friends and foes;
 And thus, unceasing, raged the fight,
 Till closed around the shades of night.



Then baffled bees fled in dismay,
 The hornets dragged themselves away;

The beetles crept to mossy walls,
The ants retired to earthen halls,



And then the bat of evening rose,
To guard the flowers through sweet repose.

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